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A LETTER FROM THE PEOPLE OF SPAIN TO THE JEWS AND JOBBERS.

On the abuse, which the Jew and Jobber Press of London has poured forth on the Spanish Nation for expressing their joy at the recent events in Spain.

Madrid, 24 October, 1823.

JEWS AND JOBBERS,

LOAN-MAKERS, fabricators of paper-coin, you who make fortunes of a million of money by "watching the turn of the market," obdurate extortioners, grinders of the labouring man, choicest agents of the borough-villany, true descendants of the money-changing murderers of Jesus Christ, we have read some of the

abuse, which you have poured forth upon us through the columns of that vile thing, the London press, of a large part of which you are the owners, and almost all the rest of which you have in your pay; we have read this foul abuse; and we will now, with as much coolness as we can command, give you an answer; and then leave the world to judge between us. Some time ago, the "*People of France*," in consequence of your long-continued and unprovoked abuse, addressed a polite remonstrance to you; bade you *look at home*; and did, in fact, nearly quiet you, as far as related to *France*. We are not presumptuous enough to think, that we shall *silence* you; for, compared with your incessant noise, what is that of the falls of Niagara? To produce in you

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either silence, or shame, is far beyond any power that we pretend to possess; but, we rely on our power to render your falsehoods and malice harmless by an exposure of them to the impartial amongst mankind.

Your malignity towards us is perfectly natural. We have *escaped from your grasp*; and you are now cursing us, as the fox did the cock, when the latter had got on the limb of a tree from out of the jaws of the former. We shall presently advert to the particular heads of your abuse; or, at least, to a part of them: but, the plain, *general view* of the matter is this: A set of men, acting under the names of *liberty* and *toleration*, having got hold of the powers of government in Spain, were mortgaging, or selling, the lands of Spain to you, the vile Jews and Jobbers of London, and were *mortgaging to you the labour of all Spaniards for ages to come!* This they call *liberty* and *toleration*. We did not like that the Jews and Jobbers of London should possess

our lands, and drink our sweat and blood. If the English call it "*liberty*" to have the labour of the child in the cradle mortgaged to Jews and Jobbers, we do not; and, if this be *liberty*, we desire to be *slaves*. We, therefore, rejoice, that this set of men have been put down; and that the *bonds* and *mortgages*, which they had given you on our lands and our sweat, have been cancelled for ever.

Thus have we taken a general view of the cause of our joy and of your anger against us; and we will now, as we proposed, advert to some of the particular heads of your abuse of us. You revile us for rejoicing at what you call the overthrow of our constitution and the *conquest* of our country by the French. As to *constitution*, we have just explained what that word meant; namely, a system of government by which the land and labour of Spain were made over to the Jews and Jobbers of London; a system by which we were rendered free from all obe-

dience to our own native King, and by which we were rendered slaves to you, the Jews and Jobbers of London. So much for *constitution*. We care nothing about the *name* of it; it might call itself free as long as it pleased: its authors might say, that we could not be *free* without having our lands and our labour sold to the Jews and Jobbers of London: they might say what they pleased about this. The *effect* of the thing is all that we care about; and we did not believe that selling us to the Jews and Jobbers of London made us free; or, at any rate, if that were freedom, we did not want to be free.

Then, as to the change being produced by *foreign troops*, which you choose to represent as a *conquest* made of our country by those foreigners; as to this matter, you *conquered* Spain yourselves in the year 1814, if the French have conquered it now; and, it is curious enough, that, when you had the possession and command of our country, and a

large part of us were fighting with you against revolutionists, you then praised our efforts, and, what is very singular, you said we were fighting for *independence*, though, in fact, we were fighting for you. Strange, that, when we had King JOSEPH here, when he was putting down convents and priests, you called his conduct *sacrilegious*, you hallooed us on to drive him out; but now, when the French have come to help us to put down others, who were doing what King JOSEPH was doing, you call it *sacrilegious* in the French, and abuse us for rejoicing at their success! What can be the cause of this? We will tell you: King JOSEPH *did not mortgage our land and our labour to the Jews and Jobbers of London*: if he had, you would have been for King JOSEPH; and upon the same ground, you would be for King Devil.

But, we have not yet done with this charge against us, of rejoicing at the conquest of our country by foreigners. If a monstrous tyranny

be existing in any country; if one man or a set of men, have been able to get a band of armed wretches together, and feed and clothe those wretches well, in order to keep the people of the country in slavery, the people of such country are not only justified in rejoicing at their deliverance by the hands of foreigners, but are in duty bound to call in and to assist such foreigners. If you deny this, what becomes of the character of Englishmen? To be sure you are a privileged nation: you are licensed to do any thing that you please; and to revile the rest of mankind for daring to think about doing what you do. But, still, there was a *Dutchman* that did go over to England, only about a hundred and thirty-five years ago, who took fifteen thousand Dutch soldiers along with him, who fought against and beat some of the English, who was not only received with acclamations of joy, but who, being a Dutchman, without one single drop of English blood in his veins, was

made King of England, and remained King of England for life, though the real King of England and his heirs were alive all the time: this happened only about a hundred and thirty-five years ago: this you do not call a *conquest* of England, though it was much more of a conquest than that which has now taken place in Spain. This you do not call a conquest of England; but a "*glorious* revolution;" and the Dutchman you call your "*deliverer*"!

Wonderful nation! wonderful Jews and Jobbers! Your *modesty* exceeds every thing belonging to you. Your attachment to *liberty* is very great. Your *justice* is equally conspicuous; but your *modesty* passeth all understanding. Your Dutchman brought you a "*glorious* revolution;" the Duke d'ANGOULEME has "*conquered*" us! Modest Jews and Jobbers, let us see a little how this matter stands. The Dutchman, soon after he had delivered you, was placed on your King's Throne. He soon began to give away to

some of his *Dutch followers* the lands and possessions belonging to the Crown of England. He had not been in the country but a short time before he began that system of borrowing which has, at last, created the intolerable burdens which now press the once happy people of England, Ireland, and Scotland, to the earth. Here, then, is the great difference between *your deliverer* and *our deliverer*: yours began that system, which has mortgaged all the lands of your country, which has mortgaged the labour of your children now in the cradle, to that hellish tribe of Jews and Jobbers, who amass fortunes of a million by watching the turn of the market, whose extortions and grindings have reduced the most industrious people upon the face of the earth to a state of half-starvation; while our deliverer, has freed us from those "*bonds*" of incipient extortion and robbery, which would, in due course of time, have made us wretched, toiling, weeping, melancholy, half-starved, and half-naked slaves.

But, why need we go so far back, if we want a precedent for the introducing of foreign troops into our country? One of your newspapers, the *Morning Chronicle* of not long ago, has this remark: "From the present aspect of affairs in Spain, there is certainly little chance of either the principal or the interest of the Spanish Debt ever being paid; for an *idle priesthood* and *foreign soldiers* will, in future, be sufficient to consume all the productive labours of the people." We said before that the English were a *wonderful* people; and wonderful they certainly are: they must be hoodwinked to a far greater degree than any people that ever existed before, or even this London pressman would not have dared to put this upon paper.

We will leave the *idle priesthood* to be talked of by and by, and will, in this place, make a remark or two upon this idea of the people of Spain being, in part at least, eaten up by foreign sol-

diers. What, base and lying London press, do you forget the period from 1793 to 1815? Do you forget the army of foreigners stationed, during the greater part of that time, in Great Britain and Ireland? Do you forget, stupid and ignorant men, the commands which foreign generals had in the heart of your country? Do you forget, that German Generals had, for years, the *command of English Counties*, that they *reviewed the troops in those counties*; that even the English regiments of Militia were under their command, were reviewed by them, and that men calling themselves English Gentlemen and Noblemen, marched along by them, abased their swords, pulled off their hats and lowered the English colours as they passed them: ignorant, impudent, base and time-serving men, have you forgotten these things; or do you think that they have been forgotten by the world? Nay, have you forgotten the flogging of English Local Militia men at the Town of ELY in England, under a guard of German bayonets? and have you forgotten, that, an Englishman, for having expressed his indignation at this, was put into a felons' gaol for two years, was made to pay a fine of a thousand pounds

to a King of the House of Brunswick; and was after that held in bonds for seven years? Have you forgotten this; or, remembering it, have you the scandalous effrontery to represent Spaniards as degraded because the troops of a friendly nation remain for a time stationed on their soil? The foreign troops were brought into your country without any civil war or commotion being then in existence. But, as we observed before, yours is a wonderful nation. It is an exception to the general rule. Principles and maxims which apply to all other nations, have nothing at all to do with it. Hence it is that a Dutchman may go over with fifteen thousand Dutchmen, and may place himself on the English Throne: the event is "*glorious*," and he is a "*deliverer*." Hanoverian troops may be stationed in England for years; Hanoverian Generals may command English Counties; and Englishmen may be flogged in the heart of England under a guard of German bayonets. All this may take place without affording the slightest ground for suspicion, that the English people are *enslaved* or *degraded*; but if a relation of our King come, not to take the crown to himself, but merely to settle a dispute between him

and a part of his people, and without any flogging going on, or any talk about flogging: oh! then, we Spaniards are the most cowardly, the most base, the most degraded wretches upon the face of the earth! Jews and Jobbers, stop till you hear of Spaniards being flogged under a guard of French bayonets: stop till you hear of that, stupid and base London press, before you again make an outcry about the produce of our labour being consumed by "*foreign soldiers*."

For the present, we will, with your leave, good Jews and Jobbers, turn from the "*foreign soldiers*," and come to the "*idle priesthood*." This would make a pretty long chapter of itself; but we shall endeavour to shorten it. An "*idle priesthood*" is what we by no means approve of; but to speak of that presently, what is it that you complain of here? Why, it is this, that the Spanish Debt will not be paid, because the idle priesthood will eat up the fruits of the productive labour of the people. We say that we do not approve of an idle priesthood; but we also say that to the most lazy, the most profligate, the most debauched, the most worthless set of priests that ever existed upon earth, we would give the fruits of

our labour, rather than give them to that band of cruel monsters, that crew of hardened villains, the dealers in loans and scrip and omnium and per cents; that hellish tribe, who, from carrying a pencil-box, rise up to the fortunes of a *million of money*, merely by *watching the turn of the market*. We say that there is nothing that can be imagined under the name of priest, to whom we would not give the fruit of our labour rather than give it to these monsters, who and whose associates, the boroughmongers, have brought the people of once happy England to a state of wretchedness absolutely without any parallel.

But, we do not admit the truth of what you say, or, at least, of a large part of what you say, respecting the idleness of our priests. We must presume you to mean that *your priests are not idle*; or else it is monstrous impudence in you to abuse us for not putting down ours on account of their idleness. Our priests are in their churches by day-light, summer as well as winter. Their performances may not be approved of by you; but, at any rate, they are going on while your priests are in bed, or codling over a breakfast table, stuffing their maws and reading newspapers. No matter

for the present which is the religion of Jesus Christ and which is not: clear it is, that if our priests be idle, you are the most cowardly wretches upon the face of the earth; for not a word do you say about the fatness, and the eleven o'clock going to church of your own. Ours actually *teach all the children*; actually teach them all themselves, without the aid of trumpery establishments called National Schools, without canting subscriptions to be sent to a wine and gin merchant of the metropolis to promote Christian knowledge amongst the people. Our priests who *really* visit all the sick, suffer none to die without giving them such consolation as they are able to give. Is this the case with yours? Do they visit the sick? Let the English people answer that question. As to *humility*, that characteristic so becoming in a priest, it is possible that ours may not be very humble in their hearts; but, in their *dress*, in their outward appearance, at any rate, they are humble; and in their *manners towards their flocks*, where is the comparison between them and yours? Each of our priests has not a lady wife to be the mistress of the parish. In short, to hear you talk of our idle priesthood, who would imagine

that you yourselves had a priesthood, *really consuming forty times as much as ours*, and not performing a fortieth part of the labour?

This accusation against us, of supporting a parcel of lazy monks and drones and priests might come with something like decency from a nation that gave nothing to a priesthood; and in answer to *such a nation*, we, perhaps, should have very little to say. But to you we have a great deal to say upon this subject. You seem to have a great antipathy to *convents*. The truth is, you want them to yourselves; and you are now mad with disappointment at having had them wrested from you. "The lazy drones of monks," says one of your newspapers. Another says, "Our readers, who are so much surprised at the joy expressed by the Spaniards at the success of the French, do not reflect on the influence of the priests in a country where people are content to be *fed by alms at the doors of convents*." This is borrowed from that romance writer, HUME, who, in his account of the insurrection which arose at the suppression of the convents in the reign of the old tiger, HENRY the Eighth, says, that the *people, accustomed to be fed on alms at the doors of the*

convents, naturally had a regard for the *drones* that inhabited them. And yet they call this lying fellow an *historian*!

These writers *prove too much*, as the lawyers call it; that is to say, speaking properly, tell *two lies at a time*, one of which is too many, because it defeats the intention of the other. Here we have (in the case before us), *drones that live in convents, feeding a lazy people at the convent doors*. Where the devil, then, does the food *come from*? Here is a *lazy* people and here are convents of *drones*; and one gives the other food! There needs no more than this to show that HUME, and that all the Protestant writers, the greater part of whom have been English parsons, have dealt in most monstrous exaggerations.

It may be a question, admitting of much to be said on both sides, whether there ought any where to be a church established by law; it may be a question, whether there ought to be any public collections, under the name of tithes or under any other name for the support of a priesthood. But, if there be a priesthood maintained by tithes, and other church property, is the priesthood to be *reviled* because it gives a large part of its income back to the people in the shape of

alms? Is it to be *reviled* for this? Is it the *worse* for feeding the hungry with a portion of its income? It may be proper to new model the church of Spain; nay, to overthrow it; the priesthood may be very bad; but are we to look upon its giving bread to the hungry; are we to look upon its sharing its income with the poor; are we to look upon this as making it *more worthy* of our hatred and contempt? If this be the case, how must the parsons of the Church of England be *loved and respected*!

The short view of the matter is this: in England you have tithes; you have Easter Offerings; you have burial, christening and marrying fees; your clergy have two, three, four or five benefices each; one of your bishops receives as much annually as ten or twelve of ours: your church, in short, costs you *eight millions of guineas a year*. Our church costs us, probably, a quarter part of the sum. A full half of that quarter part is, probably, given back to the people; and you, modest Jews and Jobbers, *revile* our priesthood on account of their *idleness* and their *alms*. Devoured as your country is by priests, you have the modesty to reproach us for not reducing our priests to beggary, for the sake of

getting at their incomes to put those incomes into your pockets.

On the score of *priests*, above all things, you might have been silent, while PARSON HAY, Dr. COLSON, and other Parson-Justices, stood so plainly before the world. You might have kept your reproaches, on this head, for your own use, while BISHOP JOCELYN (uncle of the fat placeman Earl of Roden), was so fully in the eyes of Europe. To be sure Parsons JEPHSON and CLEEVE have been found "*Not Guilty*;" but, even that ought not, one would think, to encourage you to revile us for not starving our priests for the sake of giving you their incomes. You say nothing against your own priests and their fat livings. Nay, if we be rightly informed, *not a few of your priests* have dealt in "*Spanish Bonds*," in order to get *large interest for their money*! And now you call it *fraud*; you call it *robbery*, for us to refuse to pay the debts contracted by the "*patriots*," who had sold our soil and our labour to foreigners! What: is it a breach of *honour* in us to keep that which these base men have not yet taken from us? Is it a breach of *honour* to rescue ourselves from this *real slavery*? We have been sold by traitors, calling themselves "*patriots*," and

are we to be accused of a breach of *honour*, because we will not ratify the bargain?

But, to return to the *priests*, for a moment: your foul tongues spare nobody that thwarts your greedy purposes, and, therefore, it is quite natural that you should abuse our priests, whom you find not disposed to give up their incomes to you. But, let us bring you to the *test*: Can you find in *Spain*, or in any *Catholic* country; can you find in the history of the *Catholic Church*; can you find, in all the *Catholic* countries in the world, or in the records of them all, an account of any priest like PARSON MORRITT of SKIBBEREEN? Poh! you base London press! You have the audacity to revile us, because we do not put down our church, while you uphold the church of which PARSON MORRITT is a priest! Base London press! You revile us because we do not approve of destroying a church, which you yourselves say feeds the poor at the doors of convents, while you revile CORBETT, and call him *robber*, for proposing to lessen the income of a church which sends out armed men to collect tithes, and which causes bloody battles to be fought on such occasions. PARSON MORRITT,

your newspapers tell us, had, after the battle of SKIBBEREEN, got *six hundred* warrants for seizures for tithes! He is no "drone," at any rate. Poh! you blackguards of the London press: exposure is thrown away upon you. To blows, to real corporeal blows only, you are sensible; and we are at too great a distance from you to deal you these. You shameless fools! you have a church, which takes away, and gives nothing back, eight millions sterling a-year; which takes away more than all the rest of the churches in the world; which, besides this, has, for about sixteen years, had a hundred thousand pounds a-year out of the taxes, to relieve the poor clergy, while your bishops die with three or four hundred thousand pounds each: you have a church like this, and yet, you base and impudent London press, you revile us, because we do not put down our church, which costs not a fortieth part of the cost of yours, and the clergy of which, instead of getting money out of our taxes, give back to the poor a large part of their incomes, for which they are calumniated by you! Verily, you are the most profligately impudent of all mankind.

We are aware, that some of

the London press will say, that they do not like the Parson Morritt tribe and Parson Hay tribe any more than they like our priests. Come, then; let us talk to this gentry. You do not like Parson Morritt of *Skibbereen*, and Parson Hay of *Manchester*? No. You wish to get rid of tithes? Yes. Why do you not do it, then? We are not able. Not able? What! not able to get rid of any part of a burden forty times as heavy as ours; not able, and yet revile us, because we do not get rid of ours! Ah! you base slaves; but we remember, that, when CONBETT proposed to get rid of only a part of the burden, the whole of you joined stupid COKE and HARBOARD in abusing and reviling him, in calling him church-robber; and, yet you have the impudence now to revile us, because we do not confiscate the whole of our church property! We like to be mannerly: after you, therefore. You begin, and we may follow. When you have put an end to battles of *Skibbereen*, and to bishops leaving behind them three or four hundred thousand pounds each; then come to us (and it will be quite soon enough) and talk to us about our clergy.

Ah! but "*the Inquisition!*" Yes; here we were sure to have your at once hypocritical and insolent reproaches. "*The Inquisition;*" the "*dark,*" the "*cruel,*" Inquisition! And; we have *hailed*, with shouts of joy, the re-establishment of the Inquisition. Now, if we must have the *Inquisition*, or the *Jews*, we say, at once, give us the Inquisition. The latter *burned* now-and-then a man: the Jews and Jobbers *starve* hundreds of thousands to death. If we must have the Inquisition, or a "*Reformation*" that would bring us parsons Morritt and parsons Hay and battles of Skibbereen; we say, at once, gave us the Inquisition, which, during the last thirty years, has not inflicted so much bodily punishment as the *tithe-owners* in Ireland cause to be inflicted in one single day; nay, in the whole thirty years, has not shed so much blood as was shed in an hour by those who went armed, at Skibbereen, to collect Parson MORRETT'S tithes.

You represent us as made *poor, miserable, wretched*, by the priests, and as made *slaves* by the Inquisition. As to *poverty* and *misery*, are there on the whole earth, creatures so poor and miserable as those who labour in your country? We appeal to the records of your

famous "*House of Commons,*" as it is curiously called. In a Report, on the State of Ireland, it is said: "26,845 persons, in the County of Clare, were supported at an expense of *not quite one penny each per day!*" Go, you hypocrites! Go: find misery like that in any country except your own; find that, before, base hypocrites as you are, you pretend to *pity* the lot of other nations. In very little better state are the labourers of *once happy England*, where, before the hellish Jew and Jobber system began, men had all things to make life easy and happy. The Chancellor, FORTESCUE, who wrote in the reign of Henry the Sixth, has, in speaking of the state of England, these words: "The inhabitants of England are rich in all the necessities and conveniences of life. They *drink no water*, unless at certain times, upon a religious score. They are fed in *great abundance*, with all sorts of *flesh and fish*, of which they have *plenty every where*. They are clothed throughout in *good woollens*. Of bedding and other furniture they have *great store*. Every one according to his rank, and all things which conduce to *make life easy and happy*." This was your country, base hirelings

of the London press: this was your country before loans and funds and Jews and Jobbers were known amongst you. This was your country in the "*dark ages*." In your now enlightened state, hear your country described in a Report to your own Parliament: "A large portion of the peasantry live in a state of misery of which he could have formed no conception, not imagining that any human beings could exist in such wretchedness; their cabins scarcely contain an article that can be called furniture; in some families there are *no such things as bed-clothes*, the peasants showed some *fern*, and a quantity of *straw* thrown over it, upon which *they slept* in their working clothes, yet, whenever they had a *meal of potatoes*, they were cheerful; the greater part he understood to drink nothing but water."

That is your country, base hypocrites and cowards. Another witness says that the peasantry were found "offering to work for the merest subsistence that could be obtained, for *twopence a day*, in short, for any thing that would purchase food enough to keep them alive for *twenty-four hours*!" And with this before your face; with this put into your

vile newspapers, you have the insolence and the hypocrisy to affect to *pity* other nations on account of their misery, when there is not a country in the whole world, containing a thousandth part of the misery which your country contains. If English writers had any shame in them, would they ever dare to talk of the miseries of other nations? And if English Ministers had any shame, where would they hide their heads, when they see what England is compared to what it was?

But some unfeeling monster of the London press will say, this report relates to *Ireland* and not to *England*. And what then? Are not the Irish your fellow-subjects? Is not Ireland part of your kingdom; do not you include its people in your boasted population? Do you not employ the resources of Ireland and the valour of Irishmen? However, Norfolk is in England: you will not, we suppose, deny that. The clergy in Norfolk are not guilty of the offence of "feeding the lazy people at convent doors": they are not guilty of that as our "*drones*" are. They do not feed the people at convent doors, or at any other doors that we hear of; but they make out a scale for supporting them as paupers, and, in

the hundreds of Loddon and Clavering, they and the land owners of the country allow to a man, his wife and three children, tenpence a day; that is to say, *twopence a day each!*

That's your country! That's what England is now, and you, base London writers, have the hypocrisy to affect to *pity* the people of Spain, whose clergy, even according to your own account, feed them at the convent doors. But, look at the ragged population of England: look at the wretched woe-begone creatures. Their bodies seem half wasted away; their flesh, or, rather, their skin, is scarcely hidden by the sacks and rags with which their shoulders and limbs are covered; and as to their food, it is far inferior to that of the hogs in Spain. A curious thing is it, that old FORTESCUE should have spoken of the happy state of England, compared with that of France; and that, he should, amongst other things, have mentioned the *fat and easy* lives of the *soldiers* in France, while the people of France he said, scarcely ever tasted good food. Curious it is that old FORTESCUE should talk thus; for at this moment, while the parsons and others in Norfolk are allowing

the labouring people *twopence a day each*, the soldiers in England and Ireland; the very meanest of the soldiers, have *thirteen-pence a day each*, besides *house, firing, candle, and clothing!* If any one had told old FORTESCUE, that the day would come when this would be the state of England, instead of being the state of France, what would he have said? But, what would he have said, then, if he had been told that there would be a press in London so beastly as to boast of this state of things, and to affect to pity other nations, on account of their miseries! Wretched men of the London press: wretched hirelings of Jews and Jobbers: do you not know that the common foot soldier, who is employed to preserve "*social order*" in Ireland, do you not know, vile men, that this common foot soldier has thirteen-pence a day, beside house, bedding, firing, candle, and clothing; do you not know this: and do you not hear all the witnesses declare to the Committee of the House of Commons, that the disturbances in Ireland, arise solely from the people being in a *state of want*; do you not see the soldier having more than six times as much a day as the labouring man, besides house, bedding,

firing, candle, and clothing; do you not see this; and yet is there a man of you who has proposed to take one single farthing from the soldier, or give one single farthing to the labourer? Do we go too far, then, in saying, that you are the basest set of creatures that ever dishonoured the human shape?

But, the "*Inquisition*:" we shall not easily choke you off from that. The "*dark*," the "*cruel*" *Inquisition*. We return to our challenge. We care nothing about *names*. It is the thing that we look at. *Inquisition* is nothing, of itself. It is what the *Inquisition* does. Now, then, you, doubtless, wish us to exchange the *Inquisition* for *something like that which you have*. We will not let you off here. You must not attempt to sneak out by saying that *you do not approve of your own thing*. We say: if you do not approve of it, why not alter it? And if you say that you are *not able* to alter it; then we desire you not to meddle with our thing till you are able to alter your own. Upon this ground we proceed to repeat our challenge, and we challenge you to show that as much suffering, as much corporeal suffering has been occasioned by the *Inquisition* during the last

thirty years, as was produced, a few weeks ago, in one single day at SKIBBEREEN. But astonishing must be your impudence to talk about the *Inquisition* in Spain, when every day's post brings us news of men *transported* from Ireland, merely for being absent from their houses from sunset to sunrise. From one single sessions, and all in a lump, without judge, without jury, and only by a lawyer appointed by the Government and by what are called Magistrates, ELEVEN MEN, were sentenced to transportation, on the fourteenth of this month of October at CORK. The CRIME of these men was being *absent from their dwelling-house* on Sunday the fifth of October. "When the sentence was passed," says the account, "the court resounded with the shrieks of their wives, children, parents and friends, who were most numerous; and these shrieks continued along the streets on their way to the gaol."

Now, you base and scandalous hirelings of the London press, will you after this, rail at us and revile us because we tolerate an *Inquisition*, which has not inflicted so much punishment as this in thirty years. Go, you hypocrites; hear the tale of JOSEPH

SWANN, his wife and children; remember *Castles, Oliver, and Edwards*; remember their fates and the consequent proceedings; and then, while you give an account of these to the world, repeat, if you dare, your railings against the Spanish Inquisition.

Here we should take our leave of you; but we have a few words to say to you, relative to our colonies in America. You have sent, it seems, consuls or envoys to those colonies, who are, it is said, to acknowledge them as *Independent States*. It is odd enough that this should come into your heads, or, rather, into the head of your Government, just at this time, when we shall be soon getting ready to resume our sway in those colonies. Some years ago, you might have acknowledged the independence of these colonies with some chance of success: to do it now is a thing too foolish to have been thought of by anybody in this world but your Government. The truth is, that your wise Ministers, when they made preparations for sending out these consuls and envoys, did not think that Cadiz would surrender so soon by six months. They thought, that it would surrender *at last*; but that they should be able to mix up a mess

of intervention and mediation and *mutual amity* and *social order* and *national faith*; that they should be able to manage to mix up a mess of this sort, to prolong the civil war in Spain, to exhaust the French, to excite discontents in France, just sufficient to keep the French Government in check, to make our slavery quite complete, to cause great and long troubles in the colonies, to open a way for their agents to work in all quarters, and thus to get an outlet for their manufactures and employment for their merchant ships, so as to enable them to get money into their exchequer, and to get along under the Debt without annoyance from France.

This was, doubtless, what they expected to be able to do. The rapid movements of the French General; his most judicious measures, and the consequent sudden termination of the contest, have blown into air the schemes of the pretty gentlemen of Whitehall, whose consuls will, we venture to say, return much more quickly than they went out. It looks more like madness than any thing else, to suppose that France and Spain are going to suffer the mines of Mexico and Peru, any more than our tithes and convents, to fall into

the hands of the Jews and Jobbers of London. The "*Patriots*" of South America have made Chilian Bonds and Columbian Bonds, in imitation of the makers of Spanish Bonds; that is to say, those "*Patriots*" have been selling the soil and the labour of those countries to you, the Jews and Jobbers of London. This being the case, it is impossible for any man in his senses to believe that those countries must not desire to be freed from the freedom bestowed on them by these patriots. The *re-occupation of Lima* by the Royal troops is quite sufficient to convince any one that the *people of the country* wish to be ridded of the "*Patriots*," who, whatever they might be at first, have now manifestly become a set of ruthless plunderers.

Little difficulty will, therefore, attend the restoration of the colonies to order and to obedience. A few ships and a small land force, well appointed and under able generals, may do the whole thing, and drive away to NEW YORK, or to ROSEMARY-LANE, all the "*heroes*" and all the loan-makers of liberty; together with all their Judges of Vice-Admiralty Courts, all their Privy Councillors, taken from Petticoat-lane, or from out of the ranks of the Westminster Rump.

If France and Spain and Portugal; or, if only the two former come to a determination to put down the pretended new States of South America, a curious dilemma will arise. Will Mr. CANNING make common cause with the "*Patriots*," or will he quietly see them hanged. There is, however, no question here: he can make common cause with nobody and with nothing that needs powder and ball at his hands. He pretended, that his last despatch to Monsieur CHATEAUBRIAND, previous to the march of the French army into Spain: he pretended that that despatch was a protest against the military occupation of Spain by France. Well, then, if that were a *protest*, why does he not now go to war? War! Never can England go to war again while it has a National Debt, amounting to a tenth part as much as the present Debt amounts to. This is now known to all the world: it can be no longer disguised: upon what ground, then, is England to go to war, and who is to help her in a war, to prevent the Colonies of Spain from being restored to their Sovereign?

We here bid you farewell, Jews and Jobbers. We think that we have said enough to induce you to look at home, before

you again trouble yourselves with our foreign soldiers, priests and Inquisition. If the people of England had sense and spirit, they would break "*the bonds*" in which you hold them; but that is their affair and not ours. Having freed ourselves from this Jew and Jobber craft, which is a thousand times worse than Priestcraft and Kingcraft both joined together, we shall, with regard to the good people of England, content ourselves with offering up for their deliverance the sincere prayers of the

PEOPLE OF SPAIN.

THE FRENCH AND MR. CANNING.

THE French, who said nothing, in their public papers, in February last, about the "*noisy speeches and bullocking paragraphs*," now open their minds a little, of which opening the following paragraph, from the *Oriflamme* (a Paris paper) of last Saturday is a pretty good specimen. Let my readers look well at it. It is seldom that I quote from the French papers; but, this paragraph is of *real importance*.

"The system of the English Cabinet is to insulate itself, politically

as well as geographically, from the rest of Europe. What is the result for his honour and interests, of this apathy? What other people or Government thank England for it? Her policy is covered with a veil, which a Minister (the Earl of LIVERPOOL) raised when he said that, *menaced by two great evils*, England should do *every thing* in her power to avoid both. But what mind can reconcile the *delirium* of another English Minister (Mr. CANNING), who, more indiscreet even in the House of Commons than in the Cabinet, dared publicly to express a wish for the success of the revolutionary cause? *The madman!* If Heaven had granted his impious wish, the Government of England would have passed into the hands of HUNT and BURDETT! Wanting courage to avow an opinion and strength to maintain it, the men who govern the destinies of England have recourse to the arms of the weak—the pen and the tongue. The vaults of Westminster have echoed their speeches, the offices has been choked up with despatches, the roads covered with couriers, and nothing has been done which the shade of a PITT or a CHATHAM would not blush to avow. But a glorious exploit has crowned the labours of him who inherited the inkstand of these great men—the diplomacy of Downing-street succeeded in disposing of an illusory promise of protection to the Cortes for a sum of 40 millions of rials; but not a vessel, not a soldier, could the constitutionalists obtain—the English Cabinet withheld all but advice and projects of Constitutions.

* * * * * But the sword of a BOURBON has broken the bonds of intrigue. The Continent of Europe has beheld with joy the great blow struck by France, whilst, alone in the universe, the British nation knows not whether to be rejoiced or afflicted. Indifferent, however, to the uneasiness of this double-faced nation, the other Powers cry,

‘Misfortune to those who do not declare themselves friends or enemies. Every body abandons them in the hour of danger.’”

This is pretty *taunting*! What, talk thus so soon after having been “conquered!” If this be the case, we shall do well to *abstain* from conquering France another time. Where is our “greatest Captain?” Why does he not come forth, covered with his shield of *Achilles*, and kill these saucy French?—Now, reader, do you not *enjoy* this *taunting*? I do exceedingly! It is, in fact, little more than I said in February last. Oh! “The vaults of Westminster have echoed the speeches.” This is, really, almost *too good*! “Not a vessel; not a soldier.” Good! Excellent! Sweet for the *Pitt-Clubs* and for the Poet of the Pilot that *weathered the storm*! How I should like to see him (he not seeing me) while reading this paragraph! “Woe unto them that do not declare themselves *friends*, “or *enemies*.” But, come, Mr. Frenchman, you are a little unreasonable: our people cannot wish You to have Spain and South America: they cannot be your *friends* in such enterprises: and, as to being *enemies*, as to *fighting* you, the very *idea* of it would blow their funds into the air and themselves to God knows whither.

—It appears to me, that the game is going to begin again of raising and lowering the English funds as the French Government pleases. *It can now do just what it pleases in this way.* If I were the French Minister, I would have *fifty millions of English stock my property*, or, the *property of my King*, in six months’ time. I could raise and lower the English funds at my pleasure; and I would do it to some tune! Our Government could by no means prevent it, *except by going to war*; and that it cannot do *without blowing up the Debt*; and, if it blow up the Debt, away goes Church, and God knows *what besides*.—Now, you beasts of the *Pitt-Clubs*, look at this. —You praise the Ministers for their conduct with regard to Spain: look at what the *Bourbons* say of *that conduct*; your old and tried friends, the *Bourbons*.—It may be some time before the French will *openly avow* their intentions as to *South America*: when they do it, we shall, I imagine, see a little *stir in the funds*, and amongst the cheating vagabonds of *Change Alley*, who get noblemen’s estates by “*watching the turn of the market*.” If the poor things who have our affairs in their hands; if the *inheritor of the instand of*

Chatham;" if this man of the inkstand attempt to resist, so much the worse for him. He must give way *at last*, or go to war, that is, to the Devil (funds and all) neck and heels. Nevertheless, there will be a parcel of *big talk*, and whole volumes of *noisy paragraphs*. We shall have the "*shield*" brought out again to be *thrown over* South America. So that the poor "heir to the inkstand" will get "*worked most strangely*," as little Lord John has it in his play. But, it will be all in vain. There can be *no war* on our part without a blowing up of the Debt; and that cannot be without a blowing up of all the bastions of corruption, which will never be done until the last extremity.—Who would, only a year ago, have thought, that our Government would silently see France in quiet possession of all the ports, ships, arsenals and fortresses of Spain, and that, too, with the avowed intention of *keeping such possession*? Who would have thought this only a year ago? There was scarcely a man in the country who would have thought so, except me. But, every one would have thought it, if every one had thought properly of the *effects of the Debt*. A French Minister may now, by his power of raising and

sinking our funds, *make us pay for armaments to keep ourselves in awe!* This is the state in which we are. But Daddies COKE and SUFFIELD and Parsons SMYTHIES and t'other fellow (I forget his name) are such "*honest men*," that they *will* continue to pay the interest of the Debt *in full* and in *gold*. And, this *they shall do*; or, the Church shall come to book.—In short, only let the French *openly prepare for South America*, and we shall have some *famous sport*.

JOURNAL

OF A

RIDE IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of the Register.

[Continued from p. 244.]

ST. OMERS, Monday, 13th Oct. 1823.—I stayed all this day here, on account of my horse, which had become a little lame. I consulted a *French farrier*; who told me he thought my horse only wanted fresh shoeing; and charged me 15 *sous*, for his fee as horse-doctor, having come some distance, at the same time, to see the patient. Two new shoes to my horse cost me 2 *francs*; but, the blacksmith

said he charged, in this sum, 10 *sous* extra, on account of his having performed the job in the *English fashion*, which is a little different from the French.—Having some time on my hands, I went to see the place, about a mile from St. Omers, which was once the convent of a community of Carthusian Monks. This convent formerly possessed a great deal of wealth and much of the land of the surrounding country. That part of the land which is yet undivided, along with the remains of the convent, and the gardens, now belong to a gentleman of the name of DENIS, who is the post-master at St. Omers, and who was so polite as to let me look at the gardens and the comparatively little that is now to be seen of the ancient building. The greater part of the building appears to be entirely destroyed. There is still, however, a very commodious house remaining of it, some of which, in places that have not been patched up in a modern fashion, has a very venerable appearance. The remains of the once grand convent, near to which is the modest looking dwelling of Mr. DENIS, are now made use of as the *farm house* of the estate, being environed by cart-houses, sheds, pigstys, and the like,

with which simple offices the altered aspect of the convent itself very well corresponds.—The gardens are protected by their old walls, most of which are in good repair; and, in these gardens I saw a great deal of fine fruit, though there did not seem to be much care bestowed on its cultivation. The *Pippin-d'or*, and a large apple they call the *Calvis*, were the best of the apples I saw; but the pears: the *Chau-montel*, the *Cuisse-Dame*, and a pear called the *Maciette*, were, I think, the finest pears I have ever seen, and grew here in great abundance. Excepting these fruits, there was not much vegetation in the garden, worth speaking of. I saw a little *false bridge* (*without any water under it*), and a little *mound of earth*, which I must not forget to mention, because the gardener informed me that these had been made in imitation of the taste of our *English gardeners*. The *French gardener*, however, did not appear to have been enamoured of the bridge for a long while, for I could see that it was going to ruin very fast. There was a good patch of *potatoes*, in this garden; and a plantation of young elm-trees. The *elm-tree* is much planted here, alongside of roads and lanes, about houses,

and in many of the fields; and these young trees that I saw, were intended to be planted out, in this way, on the estate.—This town, *St. Omers*, has a population of 21,000; 3000 of whom are estimated as *English people*. There is a good deal of manufacturing done in this town, of *cloth, glue, leather, starch, soap*, and some other things. There is a *college*, and a *playhouse*; to the latter of which institutions I saw the citizens crowding yesterday, *Sunday*, evening.

St. Pol; 13 leagues from *St. Omers*, *Tuesday*, 14th Oct.—

Coming out of *St. Omers* this morning I took notice of a fine old church, which, I was informed, used to be called the Church of the Jesuits. I perceived some strong marks of the Revolution upon its exterior, which is, in general, much defaced, while the gothic window-places, to keep out the weather, are filled up, in the stead of glass, by a negligent application of some old *hurdles* and *straw*. The interior of the church is converted into a *riding-school*, and a place in which to *break in young horses*!—Fine weather to-day.—The neighbourhood of *St. Omers* has a fine rich soil, and the views about it are pretty.—Came through the towns of *Aire*,

of *Lillers*, the village of *Pernes*, to the town of *St. Pol*. *Aire* is a fortified town of considerable size, in which there are some manufactures, like those of *St. Omers*. It is situated on the confluence of the rivers *Lys* and *Laquette*. *LILLERS* is a place of no note, in particular, on the river *Navez*; and *PERNES* is a place rather larger than *Lillers*, but in which I could see nothing very interesting; as, indeed, I may say of most of the little places in this part of the country that I see, for, except in their situation, or the views that surround them, they very seldom have any beauty belonging to them. The country towns and villages, unlike the generality of those in England, are dirty looking, and confined in their streets. These places have, however, almost without an exception, plenty of trees of different kinds planted about them; and this is a great advantage to their appearance. The soil hereabouts is stiff, with a good deal of brick earth underneath the surface. In this part of the country the *horse-bean* forms a great proportion of the crop. There is a vast quantity of beans on the land, generally in sheaves, and, now and then, some yet growing. The manner of harvesting these is, to pull them up by the roots (but

they sometimes cut them), then bind them in sheaves, and stack them. I saw many women employed in harvesting these beans; indeed, I see women doing almost every kind of work that is to be done upon a farm. There are full as many women employed in the fields as there are men, and, I think, even more. They manage and harvest the *flax*, a good deal of which is grown here, as also the *cress*, of the stalks of which they make *brooms*, after threshing out the seed. Along here, I see the farmers use a swing-plough; a very good implement, as light as the English swing-plough, and as neatly made as our ploughs generally are. The *poppy* is one of the crops cultivated in this part. They make use of the poppy I understand, for medicinal purposes altogether. Numbers of women are busy in the harvesting of these poppies, which they tie up in bundles, when dry, and put into stacks, when the seed is not collected in the field. In some places I saw the women in a field of poppies, with a large piece of sailcloth spread out to catch the seed, which they get out of the pods by *knocking the heads of two bundles of poppies together*; just as good mothers in England very often threaten to do with the

heads of their children when two of them happen to be participators in one fault.—In the neighbourhood of this place, (*St. Pol*) is the little village of *Azincourt*, on the plains of which was fought the famous battle called the *Battle of Azincourt*, in the reign of Henry the Fifth.

AMIENS, (14½ leagues from *St. Pol*, through *Favant*, *Doulens* and *Talmas*), Wednesday, 15th Oct.—The people were at work in the fields, threshing out the seeds of *flax*, which they do with a solid piece of thick flat board, or slab, fastened on to a handle; with this thing they rap the flax about in barns, and in many places on some boards or cloth laid down for the purpose in the fields. Of poppies, also, there is a harvesting going on here. Oats and vetches are much sowed together, as in England, for fodder; and they cut them here after the seeds of each are nearly ripe, letting them lay on the ground for some time, till sufficiently dry, and then they are stacked, like hay.—Weather fine; but cold.—The oats in this part of the country are fine; though farther towards *Calais* they are very indifferent. This has been, they inform me, a very backward season for oats, and I can see this, indeed, by the quan-

tity of them that remains yet unhoused. The other crops I see on the ground are *buckwheat*, *carrots* and *beets*; with some *red clover*, which is now being made into hay, notwithstanding the lateness of the season. Much of this clover is grown, as in England, along with wheat and barley, for feeding the sheep on and cutting for hay the next year. I saw something coming along the road, which was quite a novelty to me, although I had often heard speak of such before: it was a young woman riding on a horse, which was in the shafts of a cart, and drawing a load of flax to the farm-yard. The peculiar manner of sitting upon the horse is what I wish to mention, and that was, what we in England vulgarly call a *straddle*. The country is more woody as I come on. There is, about here, much fine *beech* timber, with some *oaks*, and coppices of *hazel* and *withy*, with many other sorts of mixed underwood.—Much of the *sown* wheat is *up*; and I see some of the farmers now sowing wheat. This town of AMIENS, on the river *Somme*, has a good deal of manufactures in it. The gothic cathedral is well worth going to see; it is a beautiful building, and the most complete, they say, of any church in France of that kind of architecture.

ST. JUST; (13 leagues from Amiens; through Hebecourt, Flers, Breteuil, and Wavignies); Thursday, 16th Oct.—I mentioned, before, the rows of trees that grow on each side of the road that I am travelling. From Calais to Paris, with scarcely any open interval, there are these two rows of trees all the way. Elm trees appear to be the favourites, rather; but, from *Talmas* to *St. Just*, apple trees have been employed, in this capacity, for the whole distance, to the exclusion of all others, except pear trees, of which there are some growing here and there, along with the apple trees. The fruit of these trees, generally speaking, is very insipid: the trees do not seem to have been selected, at all, for their kinds; indeed, most of them have come, I think, *from seed*, without any particular attention being paid to them on account of their fruit. These trees grow about the fields, as well as just by the roads; and of the fruit, such as it is, they make a good deal of *cider*. I tasted some of this at *Flers*, where I stopped to breakfast, and it was poor stuff, but, as I was told, very cheap.—I saw, as I passed through several little villages, which are composed of *farm-houses*, for the most part, several *women threshing wheat and rye*

with a flail of the same description as that used by the English threshers. Women also going to market, leading asses and mules, of which animals great use is made here. On the backs of these they bring loads of vegetables, of all sorts, to the markets of the larger towns and villages.—Soil, rather lighter, with much chalk, in places, on the surface. *Sainfoin* much cultivated; this makes by far the best hay that is to be seen in this country. Some Lucerne; the greenest crop on the ground, except the *coleseed* (*colsa*, they call it here: *our* name is a corruption), which is a very general crop, all along the road.—Sheep; two kinds, *Flemish sheep*, and *Spanish sheep*; the latter, in some places, looking very well. They tell me these have *degenerated*; but, they are far the best, in every respect, that I have seen yet. The *Flemish sheep* are very poor things: coarse in the fleece, long-legged, like deer, and light in the carcass. There are, however, some of these that are pretty good sheep; but, comparing them with most kinds of our *English sheep*, they are decidedly *bad*.—The price of *beef*, at Flers, is 8 *sous* the lb. Price of mutton, the same. A labourer, they tell me, gets from *one franc* to *two and a*

half francs a day, according to his abilities; journeymen carpenters, bricklayers, and the like, about the same. A loaf of bread, about the size of the English *quartern loaf*, sells for 5 *sous*. A turkey, 3 *francs*. A duck, 1 *franc* and a *half*. A fowl, 1 *franc*. I saw a large flock of turkeys, about fifty in number, roving in the stubble fields, with a girl to take care of them. These were like the *wild-turkeys* in America; not very large, but the whole of them as black as crows.—Between this and Amiens, near a little village called *Aicanois*, I saw a *vineyard*, consisting, perhaps, of about fifty acres. The untowardness of the season had rendered the crop of grapes very indifferent. This is the *first piece of vineyard* on the road. The vines were growing very low, tied to little sticks, as our *carnations* are tied up in the gardens in England; and, from all the ideas I had had of *vines*, before I saw these, I could not conceive, at first, what sort of vegetables they could be.—I remark, as I go along, that the common people are very civil and obliging, whenever I ask them questions about what I do not myself understand. There is nothing uncouth or *boorish* in their manners. They explain to you,

as well as they can, what you want to be made acquainted with; and, when they do not instantly comprehend your meaning, they seem as anxious to anticipate it, as if you were, not a *stranger*, but rather one to whom they have been used to talk. This is a great merit, and a mark of intelligence, in the French people. It enables you to *get along* with them, which they cannot well do with us in England. A Frenchman is most completely out of his element in England; while an Englishman, in France, though the country appears to him very strange at first, finds, in the courtesy of the people, a great deal to reconcile him to the strangeness of their customs. — Hereabouts they have much wheat land. The *stubble* is now being cut, tied up in bundles, and carried in for litter for the cattle in winter. — I see, in many of the farm-houses, *knitting* and *spinning* going on; and some *looms*, one or two in a house, which are worked, mostly, by the women. — When I got to St. Just, there was to be, in two days' time, a *fair*, for the sale of cattle. I saw some men, a most simple-looking kind of horse-jockeys, with their horses, which they had brought to be sold at the fair. These horses were, generally,

colts, just fit to work; and some of them were very pretty little horses. They were all, nearly, of one breed, such as they use for the plough, for farmers to ride upon, and for post-horses; in all which different capacities, according to the manner of the French, they are used. These horses had shape to recommend them. They are, mostly, of a middling size, and much of the same make as a light English cart-horse. The price of one of them here is, they told me, about 300 *francs*; or 12*l.* 10*s.* — The corn is ground here almost entirely by *windmills*, half a dozen of which are almost constantly to be seen, in travelling along the road. There are some mills turned by water, but comparatively few.

ECOUEN, (14½ leagues from St. Just, through Clermont, Laigneville, Chantilly and Luzarches), Friday, 17th Oct. — Here, on a stiff soil, with a good deal of *chalk* and *lime-stone*, there are some fine coppices of oak, and some good oak timber; amongst which I see a wood resembling the wood which, in America, they call *iron wood*. — Early this morning, on leaving St. Just, I saw some sheep in a fold. This fold is made of *hurdles*, much like those used in our sheep folding. But, the care of the sheep here is

somewhat different from that of the English. The shepherd, accompanied by two or three dogs, is (unlike some *pastors* elsewhere) *always along with his flock*. He attends them through the day, while they are roving about; and, in the night, he sleeps alongside of the *fold*, in a small wooden house, which is placed upon wheels, as a cart is, with a pole to draw it from place to place, as the fold itself may have to be removed.—Some *hemp* is grown here, I see; but most of the land is *wheat* and *oat* land, with some *lucerne* for the cows.—*Stick-beans* (*haricot*, the French call them) are cultivated here, for the table. The French eat much of these boiled; that is, the *seed* part of the bean, after it is ripe and hard. I saw an old lady carrying some of these off the ground. There was growing in rows, in the interval between the rows of beans, a winter crop of some plant. I asked her the name of this plant, which, she informed me, was *chardon* (thistle). It is a sort of thistle that we call *teazle*; and these *teazles* were raised, she said, to be sent to the manufacturing towns, for the *dressing of cloth*, in which they are used, I believe, to give the cloth a fine *nap*, which operation the French call *chardonner*; that

is to say, *to thistle it*, or *to scratch it with a thistle*.—There are some few *vines* near *St. Just*, and some about CLERMONT, a little town on the river *Oise*, a fine clear river, where they climb up the fruit trees, and look very ornamental growing in this manner.—The little town of CHANTILLY, an ancient place, and formerly the seat of much *nobility*, is a manufacturing place, with a fine canal running by it. The manufacture is, principally, of *linen*.—LUZARCHES (formerly the country resort of the famous JEAN JACQUES ROSSEAU) has also some manufacture belonging to it, of *lace*.—I do not wonder that ROSSEAU should have been attached to this part of the country (comparing it with all that which I have passed through); for, it certainly is very pretty. There is, between *Laigneville* and *Chantilly*, a pretty village called CRAI, which is also, I believe, on the river *Oise*, as well as *Clermont*. And another village called LAMORLAI, near *Luzarches*. These places are all very prettily situated; though I cannot say much for the *habitations* of the people, which have no signs of taste or neatness about them.—I had a fine morning; but got to ESCOURN just in time to get out of the rain, which came on in the

evening. In coming from *Clermont* to *Ecouen*, there is much wood on the sides of the road, and some *flowering locust* trees, evidently planted by hand.—I saw a man, coming out of *Clermont*, with a load of *fagots*. The price of these, he informed me, was 40 *francs* for 50 *fagots*; he having then 50 of these *fagots* on his cart, which made a good load for two strong horses.

PARIS, (4½ leagues from *Ecouen*, through *St. Denis*), Saturday, 18th October.—At *Ecouen* there is a fine castle, built about three hundred years ago, by the *Duc de Montmorency*. I met with the steward of the estate, while at *Ecouen*, and I went early this morning, on my road to Paris, to see him at the castle, as he had invited me so to do. This gentleman showed me all over the castle, which is a fine old building, in the Dutch style; pointing out to me, as we went from one part of it to another, the signal alterations that it had undergone during the Revolution, accompanying his observations with many shrugs of regret on account of these effects, and as many expressions of devotedness to the Royal Family of his master, the present possessor of the castle, who is the *Duc de Bourbon*. The chapel of the castle is a beautiful little place, occupying one corner of the castle, which is, a very large building, encompassing, within its own extent, an open space, of a square shape, and of about thirty square yards. The castle has a sort of fortification round it, so that, to enter the square, you have to pass over a bridge, which is the only way of entrance. On one side of the castle, you look,

from a terrace, immediately over the town of *Ecouen* and its neighbourhood, which lie beneath its site; and on the opposite side the castle is hidden by a very pretty little coppice, of hazle, beech, and chesnuts, with many of the *flowering locust*, of which there is a good deal about the town of *Ecouen*.—When I got to *Ecouen*, in the evening, I, to my surprise, found the ostler at the Inn quite drunk. This is the first person, as yet, that I have seen, in France, so far under the influence of liquor. He was not, however, a Frenchman; but a German, as I was told by the landlady.—The use of the land, between *Ecouen* and Paris (which land is a good stiff soil) is, for the most part, the raising of vegetables for Paris market, or, for vines; of which latter I saw a great many. The people were gathering grapes into baskets, and then putting them into little wooden vats, ready for the first process of making the wine.—The roads, all the way from Calais to Paris, are very good; though not so even as those made by the hard-used “paupers,” who crack the stones to make our roads in England. From *St. Omers* to *Pernes*, and from *St. Just* to Paris, the roads are entirely paved, leaving room, at the same time, on each side of the pavement, for a carriage to pass on a very good road not paved. The paving is done with a sort of stone, which is found along with the limestone, like what we call *Burstone*, in England; and of this material a great part of the houses are built.

About *Trees*, *Graffs*, and *Bank Notes*, in my next.

MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending 18th October.

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.
Wheat	47	8
Rye	29	7
Barley	24	8
Oats	20	4
Beans	32	8
Peas	30	9

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, 18th October.

Qrs.	£.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat.. 7,079 for 18,104	15	0	Average, 51	1	
Barley.. 3,101....	4,184	11	9.....	26	11
Oats.. 9,155 ..	10,819	14	0.....	23	7
Rye..... 23 ..	39	1	3.....	33	11
Beans.. 1,351....	2,364	3	1.....	34	11
Peas.... 1,036....	1,797	19	7.....	34	8

Quarters of English Grain, &c. arrived Coastwise, from Oct. 20 to Oct. 25, inclusive.

Wheat.. 8,808	Pease.... 1,897
Barley... 3,493	Tares..... 117
Malt 5,633	Linseed.... —
Oats.... 6,409	Rape 181
Rye 46	Brank..... —
Beans... 2,053	Mustard... 33

Various Seeds 279 qrs.—Flour 8,279 sacks.

From Ireland.—Oats 1,280 qrs.

Foreign. — Linseed 5,075 qrs.—Flour, 2,525 barrels.

Friday, Oct. 24.—The arrival of Wheat 6000, Barley 2800, Oats 6800 quarters, and Flour 6300 sacks, is quite sufficient for the present demand. Wheat even of prime quality does not support Monday's prices. Barley is unaltered. Beans and Peas find buyers at rather better rates than Monday. Good Oats meet a tolerable free sale, and fully support last quotations. There has not been much trade for Flour this week.

Monday, Oct. 27.—There was a good supply of most kinds of Grain last week, but as the farmers have lately been engaged in field operations, they could not thrash out much New Corn, the market is therefore scantily supplied this morning with Corn of all descriptions. Superfine samples of Wheat were taken off by our millers at rather higher prices than Friday, so that the currency of last Monday is considered as fully supported for this article.

Barley, for our Maltsters' use, has again advanced 1s. per quarter. Beans find buyers at rather higher prices than last quoted, but the demand is not considerable. Boiling Peas fully support the terms of this day se'nnight, and Grey Peas are 1s. per quarter dearer. There has not been much demand for Oats to-day, but the prices last quoted are fully maintained. In Flour there is no alteration.

COUNTRY CORN MARKETS.

By the QUARTER, excepting where otherwise named; from Wednesday to Saturday last, inclusive.

The Scotch Markets are the Returns of the Week before.

WHEAT.	s. d.	s. d.
Uxbridge, per load	10l. 0s.	16l. 0s.
Aylesbury, ditto	9l. 10s.	12l. 10s.
Newbury	42 0	— 64 0
Reading	38 0	— 55 0
Henley	38 0	— 63 0
Banbury	46 0	— 56 0
Devizes	46 0	— 66 0
Warminster	40 0	— 64 0
Sherborne	0 0	— 0 0
Dorchester, per load ...	12l. 0s.	17l. 0s.
Exeter, per bushel	7 0	— 8 6
Lewes	46 0	— 64 0
Guildford, per load	10l. 0s.	16l. 10s.
Winchester, ditto	0l. 0s.	0l. 0s.
Basingstoke	48 0	— 66 0
Chelmsford, per load ..	8l. 10s.	14l. 10s.
Yarmouth	44 0	— 52 0
Birmingham	0 0	— 0 0
Lynn	36 0	— 52 0
Horncastle	36 0	— 46 0
Stamford	36 0	— 50 0
Northampton	40 0	— 52 0
Truro, 24 galls. to a bush.	0 0	— 0 0
Swansea, per bushel	7 0	— 0 0
Nottingham	46 0	— 0 0
Derby, 34 quarts to bush.	48 0	— 56 0
Newcastle	36 0	— 56 0
Dalkeith, per boll *	20 0	— 28 0
Haddington, ditto*	22 0	— 30 6

* The Scotch boll is 3 per cent more than 4 bushels.

Liverpool, Oct. 21.—Since Tuesday last there was a tolerable demand for old Grain, Oatmeal, and Flour, at the prices of that day, and for the finest qualities of Wheat and Oats an advance of 2d. per bushel on the former, and 1d. on the latter, was obtained; and Beans were 1s. to 2s. per quarter dearer. The market of this day was tolerably well attended; and although the sales were not exten-

sive, the improvement noted above was maintained, but new Irish Wheat and Oats were each at lower prices. Other articles of the trade remain without alteration. —Imported into Liverpool, from the 14th to the 20th October 1823 inclusive; — Wheat 2884; Oats 3527; Barley 173; Malt 533; and Beans 124 quarters. Oatmeal 487 packs of 240 lbs. Flour 1290 sacks, and 867 barrels foreign.

Norwich, Oct. 25.—Business was rather flatter in the Wheat trade this morning; New Wheats still come to hand very cold and damp; but the expectation that they will ultimately improve in condition, keeps down the price even of such as is dry—prices may be stated at from 40s. to 52s.; Barley is in great request at 27s. to 29s. per quarter; Oats, 20s. to 25s.; and Grey Peas, 27s. to 29s. per quarter.

Bristol, Oct. 25.—The Corn markets here are extremely dull, and prices remain as per last quotations.—Best Wheat from 7s. 6d. to 7s. 9d.; inferior ditto, 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.; Barley, 2s. 9d. to 3s. 6d.; Beans, 3s. to 4s.; Oats, 2s. to 3s.; and Malt, 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per bushel. Flour, Seconds, 28s. to 44s. per bag.

Birmingham, Oct. 23.—Our Wheat market was rather dull at late quotations. Barley was in good request, at 27s. to 32s.; and Beans 14s. 6d. to 15s. 3d. per ten scores. Flour and other articles of the trade were without alteration. Supplies were by no means abundant.

Ipswich, Oct. 25.—Our market today was largely supplied with Barley, and pretty well with Wheat. Prices remain much as last week, as follow:—Old Wheat, 50s. to 60s.; New ditto, 40s. to 52s.; Barley, 25s. to 30s.; Beans, 29s. to 30s.; and Oats, 20s. to 24s. per quarter.

Walsbeck, Oct. 25.—Every article in the Corn line here was exceedingly heavy in sale, and lower in price than last week, except for very prime articles.

Boston, Oct. 23.—There has been but a very scanty supply of samples of Grain at this day's market, which has occasioned prime samples to be brisk in demand, and sold readily at the following prices:—Wheat, 42s. to 48s.; Oats, 17s. to 21s.; and Barley, 22s. to 24s. per quarter. Beans, none at market.

Malton, Oct. 25.—The Corn market here appears rather more lively than for some weeks.—Old Wheat, 60s. to 62s.; New ditto, 48s. to 52s. per quarter, five stone per bushel. Barley, 28s. to 32s. per quarter. Oats, 10½d. to 11½d. per stone.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, Oct. 27.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	2	6	to	3 6
Mutton.....	2	10	—	3 8
Veal.....	3	6	—	4 6
Pork.....	3	8	—	4 6
Beasts ...	3,284		Sheep ...	23,350
Calves	210		Pigs	210

NEWGATE (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	2	0	to	3 0
Mutton.....	2	0	—	3 2
Veal.....	3	8	—	4 0
Pork.....	3	0	—	5 0

LEADENHALL (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	1	8	to	3 0
Mutton.....	2	4	—	3 2
Veal.....	3	0	—	4 8
Pork.....	2	8	—	4 8

—City, 29 October 1823.

BACON.

The stock of *new* being short, prices have advanced here; and this has induced the buyers to engage for forward shipments, at higher rates than they could have bought at some time ago. On Board: 40s. to 41s. for immediate Shipments; 34s. to 36s. for forward Shipments.—Landed: New, 44s. to 46s.; Old, 38s. to 42s.

BUTTER.

We thought the present month would not pass over without an effort on the part of the holders to cause an advance; and which effort has now been successfully made. Every one began to say, that, if no advance took place for a month or six weeks to come, mischief must ensue; for as the time of payment was coming, sales must be made, and if made at reduced prices, it would be obvious to all what was the cause for selling. But, as the business is all done amongst the *jobbers* themselves, we think it very likely that, after the bustle is over, prices will go back again; especially as the quantity of Foreign continues very great. On board: Carlow, 78s. to 80s.—Belfast, 77s. to 78s.—Newry, 72s.—Waterford, or Dublin, 73s. to 74s.—Cork, 73s. Limerick, 71s.—Landed: Carlow, 80s. to 82s.—Belfast, 80s.—Water-

ford or Dublin, 75s. to 77s.—Cork, 75s.—Limerick, 74s.—Dutch, 78s. to 86.—Holstein, 74s. to 80s.

CHEESE

Has not varied in price during the past week: the trade is very dull.

POTATOES.

SPITALFIELDS.—per Ton.

Ware	£ 2	5	to	£ 3	15
Middlings.....	2	0	—	2	15
Chats.....	1	15	—	0	0
Common Red..	0	0	—	0	0
Onions..	0s.	0d.	—	0s.	0d.

BOROUGH.—per Ton.

Ware.....	£ 2	5	to	£ 3	10
Middlings.....	1	10	—	2	0
Chats.....	1	10	—	0	0
Common Red..	0	0	—	0	0
Onions..	0s.	0d.	—	0s.	0d.

HAY and STRAW, per Load.

Smithfield.—Hay ..	100s.	to	107s.
Straw...	40s.	to	48s.
Clover ..	95s.	to	130s.
St. James's.—Hay....	68s.	to	110s.
Straw...	36s.	to	48s.
Clover..	84s.	to	115s.
Whitechapel.—Hay....	95s.	to	115s.
Straw...	38s.	to	46s.
Clover ..	110s.	to	135s.

Price of HOPS, per Cwt. in the BOROUGH.

Monday, Oct. 27.—Our market for New Hops is rather dull, the Planters holding out for prices the trade do not like to give: rather more inquiry for good Old, which are much below their relative value: the Currency may be stated—New Sussex, 11*l.* 11s. to 13*l.* 13s.; New Kent, 12*l.* to 15*l.*; 1822, 8*l.* to 11*l.* 11s.; 1821, 5*l.* 12s. to 6*l.* 6s.; 1819 and 1820, 3*l.* 16s. to 4*l.* 10s.

! Maidstone, Oct. 22.—Our Hop market continues so very dull that we have hardly a lot sold, in fact we cannot give any information about prices this week.